THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, August 1, 1928 | Number 13

CONTENTS

Calles in the Rôle of Nero 319

Week by Week 321

Academic Arcadia 324

The Idolatry of the Apple ..... Michael Williams 325

Canada's Pressing Problem ... J. B. M. Clark 328

The Inspiration of John Ayscough ..... John J. Downey 330

Fairy Flight (*verse*) ..... Constance Naar 331

Poems ..... Colette M. Burns, Madefrey Odhner, Charles A. Wagner, Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Eleanor C. Koenig, Ethel Romig Fuller 332

Books ..... George Fort Milton, James J. Walsh, Robert R. Hull, Monica D. Ryan, Richard Linn Edsall 333

CALLES IN THE ROLE OF NERO

WHAT those who have the best right to speak for the Catholic Church think about the assassination of General Alvaro Obregon has been made sufficiently plain by such men as Bishop Diaz and Archbishop Ruiz, of the Mexican Church, and by Archbishop Hanna, Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council, which is the episcopal body of the Catholic Church in the United States. All three men have deplored and condemned the bloody deed in the strongest possible terms. They do so, of course, because murder strikes at the very foundation of the structure of morality which it is the work of the universal Church to build and maintain as the only safe basis of civilized society. Such a crime, moreover, is a blow at the Church itself. It is a repudiation of her teaching; a revolt against her authority; still more, it is a deadly sin against Almighty God; and sin is the worst possible evil.

Seconding such imperative reasons urging the prompt and uncompromising condemnation of the outrage in Mexico, it may also be said now that there were other reasons which gave an edge of keen regret to the protests uttered by the official leaders of the Church in Mexico and the United States. For those best informed in Mexican matters affecting the relations of that unhappy country and the Catholic Church—and those relations are the very crux of the Mexican problem—know that Archbishop Ruiz, before he went to Rome, met and conferred with President Calles. The conference came about largely through the efforts of Catholic Bishops and priests of the United States, and was held in an atmosphere of conciliation contributed to by the good-will and personal, unofficial assistance of Ambassador Morrow. As the result of that conference, there existed good grounds for hoping that a compromise of the chief point of dispute between Church and state in Mexico would be reached, and that the Church would resume her spiritual ministrations in Mexico.

The blow that struck down Obregon also struck down this fair hope. Even if the assassin should be proven to have been a Catholic, driven frantic by the outrages heaped upon the Church in Mexico during the last fifteen years—or a mere religious fanatic—or a religious fanatic used as a tool by sinister persons having nothing to do with the Church—the fact remains that the Church suffers cruelly and will probably suffer even more cruelly in the immediate future through his frightful deed.

But it is the hand of Plutarco Elias Calles, President of Mexico, rather than the hand of Obregon's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assassin, which again strikes the Church, as he has struck it so sorely so many times before. The baseless, unspeakably malicious charge uttered by Calles that the assassin's deed was guided and directed by members of the Catholic clergy in Mexico, is a crime scarcely less detestable than the assassination itself. It calls for equally prompt and stern disapproval and condemnation. It is an insult to the intelligence of civilized people, as well as an outrage to their moral sense.

The attempt made by police tools of Calles to implicate the assassin of Obregon with the Catholic clergy, even with hapless nuns, by insinuations that he was "avenging" the execution of Father Pro, the priest who, with three others, was hurriedly shot to death without the semblance of a trial six months ago on the charge of conspiring to kill General Obregon with a bomb, is singularly unfortunate. It recalls certain facts that reflect a most sinister light upon Calles himself. According to no less a sympathizer with and apologist for the Mexican revolution—which since 1910 has bathed that country in blood and tears and flame—than Carleton Beals, writing in the New Republic of December 21, "every constitutional and humanitarian guarantee" was violated by Calles in that case. Because of the horrible haste with which the accused priest and three others were done to death, wrote Mr. Beals, "universal doubt has been cast on their guilt, and a hundred rumors set afloat that the government hastened to assassinate them in order to conceal the real culprits . . . but all criticism has been stifled by the iron-clad censorship maintained by the government over all newspapers and cable service and the fear engendered by the recent arbitrary deportation of prominent Mexican editorial writers. . . . Calles, who has defended his war against the Church as a non-discriminatory, necessary enforcement of the religious provisions of the 1919 constitution, must shoulder the responsibility."

In the same article Mr. Beals showed how Calles and Obregon had been for some time drawing apart; Obregon turning toward the peasant party, led by Soto y Gama, the chief opponent of Luis Morones, leader of the C. R. O. M., the militant city labor group which has been consistently favored and supported by Calles. Obregon's opponents for the office of President, Generals Gomez and Serrano, having been summarily slain on the grounds that they were "rebels," grounds which were never made plain —and the so-called "constitution," which is held inviolate only so far as its infamous oppression of the Church is concerned, having been "amended" (really by dictatorial edict) to permit of the reëlection of a President, the way was clear for Obregon's open assumption of the power of the presidency. His coming would have meant the passing of Morones, and Calles with him. And then Obregon was swept aside.

Before the censorship was clamped down, not a word came from any correspondent implicating the Catholic Church. But we were informed that guards were thrown around the house of Luis Morones; some reporters said, to protect him; others said, to detain him where he was. Open charges that Morones caused Obregon's killing were shouted in the streets of Mexico City, and almost as openly rumored by several correspondents—by the New York World correspondent in particular.

No, it will not do for Plutarco Calles, out of his own distracted head and without offering a shred of proof, to tell the world that the Catholic Church was the author of the murder of Obregon. Even the New York World, which has so consistently tried to interpret the course of Calles in a favorable light, to make it seem the stern and bloody yet essentially justified course of a great leader of a truly popular revolution, cannot accept this last frenzied utterance of the Nero of Mexico. Recalling what happened in the Father Pro affair, the World appeals directly to President Calles to see to it that there shall be "no secret court martial and summary execution, however certain the Mexican authorities may be in their own minds that the accused are guilty. If there are others implicated in this crime they are part of a political conspiracy, and it is a fundamental requirement of all political trials under liberal governments that they should be open, calmly conducted and scrupulously fair in the examination of the evidence."

Those who may have been deceived by President Calles's statement will be only those who have no real knowledge of the conditions, and particularly the character of the persons now dominating in the control of Mexico. We are not, of course, thinking now of that element in our population, fortunately a minority, although a violently vociferous one, which is ready to accept the wildest charges against the Catholic Church which will agree with their bitter prejudices. With such poisoned minds there can be no parleyings on the basis of reason or of truth. But fair-minded Americans will certainly not accept the truth of the mad statement made by President Calles at the moment when the structure of political power which he and Obregon had built up so ingeniously was threatened with collapse, without demanding from President Calles full and complete substantiation of his charges; and that, of course, President Calles will find it impossible to do.

Those who have knowledge of similar events in history, whether they be Catholics or non-Catholics, will wait with calmness for the outcome, remembering how inevitably and (in the light of later and dispassionate enquiry) how groundlessly such recourses to blood and violence are attached to the Church, which not only forbids them but has most to suffer when her counsels are disregarded. As the official newspaper of the Vatican remarked, Calles today is merely repeating what Nero did in Rome in the infancy of the Church, namely, accusing it of crimes and outrages committed or instigated by the tyrants themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

WITH public interest deflected from events in Central America by the appearance of important domestic issues, the Nicaraguan situation comes near to taking care of itself. Little attention has been given to the fact that additional troops in considerable numbers have been dispatched to help supervise the election. Though this cannot be prevented from becoming critical, it may perhaps be constrained into a peaceful pose. Conditions are not helped by the development of a split inside the conservative ranks. Evidently the alleged "bulwarks of their country" would collide most vigorously with one another if there were no presiding marine corps. Just how peace and order are to grow out of such circumstances is not at all clear. Having protected the election, we may now proceed to insure the life of the new government. Technically the right to do just that exists under the mantle of intervention precedent. Whether that right must actually be exercised in the future, and whether a total retreat from the country and its affairs is desirable—these are questions to which the United States must give serious reflection and find a proper answer.

OPTIMISTIC writers have declared the Tacna-Arica dispute settled. Their optimism is premature. No definite agreement on the status of the two provinces has yet been signed nor have the terms which must precede it definitely been determined. Nevertheless there is good reason to believe that the long-standing quarrel between Chile and Peru is to be finally eliminated. When two nations, reciprocally hostile for seventeen years, resume friendly relations by the exchange of ambassadors, there is every reason to hope and believe that a satisfactory solution is on its way. The instrumentality of the United States, which heretofore has been ineffectual, is now a vital factor in the present improvement of relations between the two countries. Despite serious bungling in the matter, this country has always taken an impartial interest in the question and any current ill feeling in the affected countries against America, because of her past failures, is not justified. Mr. Kellogg is to be congratulated on the progress made, and The Commonweal wishes him success in terminating the controversy before he relinquishes his post as Secretary of State.

THERE is a certain ironic humor in Fascism's grief over the death of Giovanni Giolitti, who no later than last March was contemptuously hailed by the government press as "the last of the liberals." So certain was Mussolini that all effective opposition had been crushed or silenced that he indulgently allowed the ex-Premier to conclude in Parliament, uninterrupted, a forceful and eloquent arraignment of the electoral reforms bill. It was Giolitti's swan song and unquestionably the most admirable, although possibly the most impotent, act of a highly unusual career. Much of Italy's dilatoriness in entering the world war was due to Giolitti's pronounced German sympathies. Very much of a dictator when the country joined the Allies, it was natural that he should have been cordially hated. Yet despite his doubtful electioneering methods, he served Italy exceedingly well in preserving an economic and financial balance during the troubled times following King Humbert's death and the Abyssinian disaster. His greatest weakness as a statesman was evident in his attempt, prior to Mussolini's ascendancy, to perpetuate himself in office by concessions to communism. The penalty for his mistake was so severe that, in the short space of five years, he was greeted by his countrymen more as a ghostly apparition from the past than as a living man.

PATIENCE is the only recourse of the Catholic who hopes for a day when erroneous fears of the "Church in politics" will fade out of sincere American minds. The same virtue is badly needed as one reads the following insert into an otherwise commendable editorial in the current Christian Century: "That there is a genuine and vital issue involved in Mr. Smith's candidacy, not at all because of what the Catholic Church is as a faith, but because of what it is as a government, any reader of Dr. Garrison's Catholicism and the American Mind knows." Possibly that sentence was written to advertise the book; it was certainly never designed to make a point. The reason why people "know" the "papal ambitions" is because they have read Dr. Garrison. One is more than a little curious to see how so much of infallible conviction can issue from between two covers. And, though the book has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virtues we should be the last to deny (it is, for instance, a frank description of a modern Protestant "reaction" to the Catholic scene) this curiosity is intensified when one has perused the Garrison literature.

THE book is the work of one who has lived for some years in "a Catholic environment"; who has read not a few ecclesiastical books and pronouncements; and who has really struggled to understand the reality he confronts. But it is so terribly obvious that he was not influenced by the environment, that he failed to understand the books and that he never got within a mile of comprehension! To the educated Catholic who is also willing to read himself into the mind of another, Dr. Garrison seems not a little like the war-crazed soldier of years ago who walked about in times of peace looking for the enemy. If he cannot find the "Roman grip of steel" under one text, it must be under another; and, to be perfectly outspoken, his array of arguments to establish Catholic antagonism to American government reminds one of an amateur debating society. The Church is not an argument but a way of life; and we doubt if anyone who ever walked that way would, after reading the Garrison syllogisms, believe for a moment that these were even remotely like a "doctrine." In short, Dr. Garrison is a victim of the delusion that he has "solved" Catholicism. We are a little shocked to learn that he is passing absolute "knowledge" on to others, but concede that the process is both comforting and comfortable.

TO WHAT extent agricultural opinion is behind any of the more recent proposals for agrarian reform it would be hard to say. A careful reading of small-town weeklies does not appear to indicate great interest in McNary-Haugenism as a principle or as a practical recipe. Rural leadership, however, does envisage what seems to be the present conflict between industry and farming—between the crowd that depends upon the city and the swarm of sunbrowned families who depend upon the soil for a living. For this reason the resolutions lately adopted by the recent Iowa convention of delegates from farmers' organizations express a definitely agrarian point of view. Such a dictum as "We oppose the Hoover-Coolidge policy of industrialization at the expense of agriculture" leads naturally to the practical recommendation that "Farmers should support candidates, regardless of party, whose records and promises suggest that they may be entrusted in office to give agriculture economic justice." As a consequence one is permitted to assume that, though farmers differ widely in their diagnoses of the contemporary situation, they will welcome as President only the man whose attitude toward their business is friendly and sincere.

THE national executives of the Boy Scouts have hastened to assure the country that the recent resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the council of Cleveland was not to be accepted. Such an announcement would have been better advised had it contained a stinging rebuke of those misguided Cleveland leaders who seek to make the organization a tool of meddlesome propaganda. "Psychological reasons" were given for the instruction to each Scout to use his influence to stop cigarette smoking by women. The boy's suggested "daily good turn" was to approach women smoking in public and ask them to give up the habit, as their chiefs felt that smoking "coarsens women and detracts from the ideal of fine motherhood." We would unreservedly sympathize with any woman so approached who should respond to such impertinence by some very overt manifestation of resentment. Doubtless the youth would not be altogether to blame. But if there is any value in scout training it should teach discrimination and good manners. Meanwhile the National Council would do well to investigate the Cleveland executives and to take vigorous and effective steps to prevent any further mishandling of the estimable purpose of the organization.

IMPRESSIVE in the extreme, and all the more so for the simple and matter-of-fact fashion in which it was related, was the story which Mr. J. Y. C. James Yen had to tell at a recent luncheon given at the Town Hall Club in New York under the auspices of the American Council of International Pacific Relations. Mr. Yen, who is the descendant of a long line of Confucian scholars, in other words, of men who were of the élite of the Chinese literary caste, graduated from Yale in 1918, and almost immediately after his graduation went to France to see if something could not be done to better the lot of some two or three hundred thousand of his humble compatriots, who were doing coolie work behind the lines and in the devastated regions. Many of these men, it may be noted, were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for gallantry under fire. On his arrival, he found illiteracy practically universal. The hapless exiles were not only unaware of what was going on around them, but had no means whatever of communicating with their families in the far East. They were isolated units in an alien world.

TO REMEDY this condition, the modest but practical means was devised by Mr. Yen of forming small classes for primary instruction, and of compiling simple manuals in which written characters for the spoken word replaced the highly complicated classical script of China, known only to the scholar caste, a difficulty which has been the main obstacle to any diffusion of knowledge in the old empire and the new republic. Encouraged by the success of the scheme, which for the first time in months and years put the exiles in touch with the home land, Mr. Yen, about a year after the peace of Versailles, transferred his own activities and that of many patriotic helpers whom they had attracted, to his own country, and in the face of innumer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able difficulties launched a movement which today bears the imposing title of the Chinese National Association of Mass Education, with 800 centres and an enrolment of 1,500,000 students. One detail supplied by Mr. Yen is particularly illuminating, and bears a lesson which many Occidentals might ponder with advantage. The upheaved condition of China, due to civil war, has only impeded the work financially. So thoroughly is its national and patriotic character recognized that the services of the Mass Education teachers are sought by generals of contending armies, and an immediate improvement in the character of their troops is noted even by foreign observers as a result. A committee formed by the American Council of International Pacific Relations has brought Mr. Yen to America to speak on the subject to which his life is devoted, and to raise funds for its development. It is hard to imagine anything that comes to American hearts with more instant appeal than an effort to abolish illiteracy in the most populous and industrious country in the world, or to think of any recent visitor to our shores more sympathetically than this modest inheritor of an immemorial culture who set himself single-handed to cope with the curse, and sees his work, within a decade, assuming a character almost as imposing as that of some natural process.

THIS is the first time the United States is in a position to join in the celebration of an interesting and significant religious centenary. Four hundred years ago this summer—on August 3, 1528—the Capuchins, or order of Minor Capuchins, were formally established. They expressed a desire for greater strictness inside the great Franciscan family, and for several hundred years have retained their habits of living in the utmost simplicity as servants of the poorer classes. It is not necessary to recall here their magnificent service in France, where their sincerity and poverty impressed the working classes in the decades following the Renaissance, or in post-Reformation Germany. These deeds are familiar to every reader of ecclesiastical history. Less well known, perhaps, are the Capuchin achievements in our own country during the past century. They have conducted with great skill several colleges which are now, we believe, all preparatory seminaries. They have done really marvelous work among the city poor, devoting particular attention to such urgent problems as the salvation of the Negro and the guidance of boys. All signs point to a continued vigorous growth of the community; and so greatly have the Capuchins endeared themselves to diverse sections of the American population that our own prayer for their well-being will be joined by tens of thousands everywhere.

THE COMMONWEAL is only one of many periodicals alive to the growing importance of New Mexico in the cultural life of the United States. The work of such established artists in poetry and prose as Mary Austin, Willa Cather, Witter Bynner and other writers, some of whom reside in the country of their predilection, together with the increasing number of painters and students of primitive American life who are working in the fertile field of New Mexico, calls attention to the social value possessed not only by New Mexico but by other parts of the South and the Southwest—Florida, Georgia, Texas, Arizona and Southern California—where the seeds of some of the finer aspects of American civilization were planted hundreds of years ago by the Spanish pioneers. The Commonweal plans to publish a series of articles by Mary Austin and other writers, dealing with this fascinating and important subject. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the discussion which has been going on among historians regarding whom they should regard as the actual founder of Santa Fé, the romantic centre of New Mexican life, has at last been settled by the publication in English by Lansing Bloom, of the School of American Research, of the instructions given to Don Pedro de Peralta on his appointment as Governor and Captain General to succeed Don Juan de Onate.

THE original document, dated March 30, 1609, is supposed to have perished with other archives of Santa Fé in 1680, but the loss has been made good by the finding of the certified copy in the Archibo de Indias, 58-3-16, in Seville, Spain. Some of the contents of this document of appointment and instruction offer interesting sidelights upon the spirit of these early Spanish colonizers and founders. The New Mexican governor may appoint four local judges or regidores, but authority over the Indians is reserved to the governor himself as well as the power to place them under encomiendas for industrial service and to see that no hindrance be placed upon their "coming and going" unless under special charge of completing their obligations. "Likewise he is charged," declares the document, "and ordered that in no manner he desist from the defense of the land and the settled people seeking for good or ill to reduce the enemies or get rid of them for what tends to the quietude of the converted [Indians] and those who may be converted, and in order to conserve and augment the reputation of the Spaniards among them." . . . "In case that afterward some expeditions must be made against the Indians who may not be at peace, he shall allow only those religious to make them who may wish to go forth in the apostolic manner to found and plant our holy faith, and this in such manner that a sufficient number remain for the teaching of those who at present may be at peace." Thus it will be seen was a wise provision made for the founding of pioneer settlements, with some restraint on the adventurous spirit of those who would range far afield beyond the regulated posts of the Spanish empire. These documents not only throw light on an obscure period, but reveal the wisdom of the old Council of the Indies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME rather novel light upon the perennial subject of "lawlessness" to which we were forced to refer last week is furnished by Dean William E. Mikell, of Pennsylvania University Law School, who has just finished compiling a compendium of existing state laws against criminal offenses, and who is historical in his outlook. While agreeing with Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard that a tendency to favor the offender exists in America, he lays the fault to the origin of our legal code in British common law. Three hundred years ago, he tells us, there were two hundred crimes in England punishable with death. A feeling that the man on trial for his life should have every chance, a latent sense of disproportion between the offense and its punishment, is responsible, according to Dean Mikell, for many of the defenses now erected around a man in the dock, but which are out of place when law has lost much of its ferocity, and when, in the words of Governor Smith (which we venture to quote ourselves) our concern is rather with "the kind of and duration of punishment best adapted to bring about the restoration of delinquents to normal social life."

THOUGH it is possibly still too early to comment extensively on the world fair which Chicago is planning to conduct as part of its centennial celebration in 1933, evidences of the magnitude this is to assume are already numerous. It will be remembered that the Columbian Exposition of some thirty years ago attracted to the mid-west city, usually conceived of as a mere railroad terminal metropolis, artists and creative spirits of all kinds. Just now something of the same civic fervor seemed to have been aroused. Following the news of Mr. Adler's gift of a botanical museum unrivaled in this country there comes the report that $1,000,000 will be raised for the erection of a historical museum. Definite plans for still other structures have been drawn up, and doubtless the work that will actually be accomplished before festivities are in order will teach many another city much profound humility. Meanwhile Chicago seems to be actuated by no motive of rivalry with other civic committees, but rather by an impulse to promote civic betterment.

ACADEMIC ARCADIA

PIPE dreams of an educational system more perfect even than a realization of the ideals proposed by Plato or Victor Branford would be, haunt almost everybody who instructs youth. Most especially, however, they visit those who, anxious to promote the influence of Catholic faith through schools, are conscious of a feeling that the means employed in so great and important a cause ought to be wholly worthy of the end.

Of necessity, in view of the limitations of human nature and the peculiar difficulties created by contemporary social conditions, this "state of bliss" is far from being attained. But at least one great step toward betterment has been taken. Catholic educators are frankly aware of existing problems, ready to discuss them with more openness of mind, and willing to believe that complacency is the worst possible academic affliction. To all this the annual meetings of the Catholic Educational Association testify with increasing clearness.

The convention recently held in Chicago dealt with not a few major questions—notably standardization—which need to be answered in the right way and which must, therefore, be studied and talked about fearlessly and unfalteringly. We wish there existed a more widespread popular interest in such matters, if only for the reason that discussions regarding processes upon which the welfare of educated youth depends ought not to be reached independently of public opinion. The best work done in Chicago was, however, the review of statistical data recently compiled to indicate the actual situation. A summary of the graduate work done in Catholic colleges during the past five years was particularly valuable. It reveals the extent to which courses leading to higher degrees are being followed at the present time, and which affording legitimate ground for self-congratulation on the enthusiasm for higher studies, it naturally enough suggests that the quality of this quantity should be indefectible.

Data of a similarly reliable character were compiled by the Reverend John F. McCormick, S.J., as a basis for his discussion of the lay instructor in Catholic schools. The situation of this instructor is a matter of crucial concern, but it has seldom been approached in the direct way selected by Father McCormick. His inquiries reveal that "in the larger institutions the lay instructors constitute, in some cases, a majority of the teaching staff"; and that "Catholic institutions are now . . . in a state of dire poverty" and cannot "pay generous salaries or maintain retiring allowances." On the other hand, the number of applicants is increasing, though "when these are sifted out, comparatively few applicants are found who measure up completely to the academic requirements we must demand." That this, in turn, is due to the economic status to which the lay instructor must accede hardly needs demonstration. It is really as plain as the smoke of Pittsburgh. Father McCormick, however, said "it is nowhere better understood than in the Catholic college that the laborer is worthy of his hire." The system is unable to pay more, the responsibility rests with the public. He reported evidences of a decided improvement, and suggested that betterment could come through such expedients as rendering positions dignified and secure.

In all this discussion there is an admirable preponderance of facts, and a no less admirable desire to get at further facts. Out of the "truth of the matter," squarely placed before the Catholic public and adjudged on its merits, there will come (one feels sure) the coöperation upon which the success of the high adventure ultimately depends.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IDOLATRY OF THE APPLE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE thing called the modern mind—a protean, mercurial spirit—is so very active that its manifestations appear everywhere, particularly in the pages of our reviews and magazines. This fact is one of the proofs of the transitional nature of our times. All things (save the Catholic Church) are in flux. World literature and journalism, world art, world thought, are alembical; seething, fuming, boiling with disparate and sometimes opposing principles, ideas, systems, techniques. What will be precipitated or crystallized is very much of a puzzle. Editors, like experimental chemists, are at work busily mixing these brews, or drugs, or purges (or poisons) of the mind. Recently, with an air of some surprise, but with interest and even eagerness, they have begun to use one element that had dropped out of the pharmacopoeias of current letters for some time; indeed, it had almost been forgotten, save by a few odd people, in byways of the mind, like Louvain University, or Milan, or Salamanca, or Littlemore near Oxford; to say nothing of a place called Rome—namely, Catholicism.

Harper's Magazine recently furnished me with a text for the present sketch of the subject. Turning with zest to the pages signed by one of the best and keenest of modern American minds, and a delightful writer, Mr. Albert Jay Nock, I found this priceless revelation of the heresy of modernism, quoted by Mr. Nock from that world-wandering apostle of modern-mindedness, Mr. Lincoln Steffens.

> This gregarious soul [Mr. Steffens] once wandered into the company of some clergymen who were talking about original sin; they were speculating upon the story of Adam and Eve, and trying to make out where sin came from, who was to blame for it, and what could be done about it. Presently they asked Steffens for an opinion, and he said: "I don't agree with any of you. I don't blame Eve or Adam or God or the devil. I blame the apple. If the apple hadn't been there, nobody would have sinned. In regard to sin nowadays, and what can be done about it, I am of the same mind. I suggest taking away the apple. If you take away the apple, people won't sin."

There, expressed with the perfect simplicity that is the primary value of the parable, summing up a whole library of philosophy in an anecdote which a child can understand and remember and a wise man ponder upon (which doubtless is why the Founder of the Catholic Church so frequently employed the parable) you have all the amazing muddlement and the chief and most damnable doctrine of the modern mind. The damnable doctrine is, of course, materialism; the amazing muddlement will be obvious after we have examined Mr. Steffens's parable a bit more fully.

First, let us glance at its application as used by Mr. Nock; a saddening piece of business, for Mr. Nock's mind is so sound, his logic so strong and his humor so delightful, that it is an affliction to see him trapped by so palpable a piece of humbug as the Steffens parable.

In the essay, then, which he calls Peace by Incantation—a title which, by substituting other words for "peace" would perfectly fit a large number of the subjects dealt with by the writers of modern-mindedness, such as Happiness by Incantation, Prosperity by Incantation, Education by Incantation, and so on: because incantation, the art and mystery of persuading (never convincing) unstable minds by soothing doses of charming language, or magical phrases, like, for instance, the psychoanalytical or socialistic mumbo-jumbo, is the very spring and the mainstay of the modern mind—in this essay, I repeat, Mr. Nock very reasonably exposes the fallacies and the delusions of the ill-starred idealists who strive to bring about perpetual international peace through vague, idealistic programs and proclamations and organizations, all of which ignore many hard, stiff realities. This is very well, indeed, and Mr. Nock is to be commended for spraying his antiseptic common sense upon this feverish condition of mind—only, he himself is afflicted with the worst mental error of the lot, the capital error, the error fundamental to all modern errors, namely, the error of materialism, expressed in the Steffens parable. Mr. Nock's heresy is that all wars are caused by economic, material causes, the competition among individuals and classes and nations and races for wealth. In other words, for the apple.

Let us get back to that apple, which is logical, for it is the apple scene, as a Hollywood movie writer might say, that is the "big stuff" in the human drama, so vividly sketched by Mr. Steffens, in which we all play our parts, and to which Mr. Nock's essay, and the present humble paper, are program notes, so to speak. I think that if some Catholic priest—Mr. Chesterton's detective, Father Brown, let us say—had been present when the restless Mr. Steffens (who walks up and down in the world in a fashion suspiciously reminiscent of another personage who figures in the Book of Job) walked in upon that group of clergymen who were talking, as such clergymen do talk, namely, vaguely and vainly, exercising what is called their "private judgment" about the mystery (and reality) of sin, there would have been something said on the clerical side. I think that Father Brown would have turned to Mr. Steffens when that gentleman scored his easy victory by saying, "If you take away the apple, people won't sin," by asking him, "How about taking away everything else, and making a good job of it?" And then, if Mr. Steffens had raised puzzled eye-brows, Father Brown would have taken the sign for the word, and have hurried on to say:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> I mean, that if it was the apple that caused Eve, or Adam, or both, to sin, and if you had been there and had taken away the apple, wouldn't you also have had to strip paradise, and the world outside, of all other things that Eve or Adam, or both, might covet? How can an apple, or any other material thing, up to the red gold itself, which figures so conspicuously among the properties of the unending dramas of sin, really cause sin? Sin is a spiritual thing; it is the disobedience, deliberately willed, of a spiritual soul; disobedience to the laws imposed by a higher power than humanity itself; laws known to Christians through the revelations of Divinity, and known to all, Christian and pagan alike, through conscience. I apologize for intruding the penny catechism upon the attention of a philosopher of the modern mind; but, then, what the catechism says is true, and your apple theory is self-evident nonsense.

Mr. Steffens could have retorted, of course, with truth, that it is not self-evident nonsense, except to Christian believers and pagans whose minds are still happily uncorrupted by modern-mindedness. And Mr. Steffens would have been right, in so far as that it is wofully true that there are uncounted myriads of superstitious modern minds that have got so topsy-turvy that they do actually think there is some magical power, expressed through some sort of occult incantation, connected with sticks and stones and apples and other purely material things; they would, perhaps, say it was some sort of cellular, or atomic, or chemical operation that really causes men to rob, and steal, and lie, and plot, and maim, and slay.

But there is a reaction against this sort of insanity. Catholicism is energetic in society once more after a quiescence, a negative condition, of centuries; and allied with Catholicism, there are appearing schools of thought that are rejecting the fundamental heresy of modernity, rank materialism and materialism's inevitable allies, instinctivism, impressionism and subjectivism. Such minds are beginning to see that if the materialists are right, and the apple is the cause of sin, then, of course, all material things are causes of sin, and there is no remedy for sin except man's suicide, and the annihilation of consciousness; which idea is the old heresy of the Manichees—as, indeed, most modern notions are nothing but the oldest of intellectual errors dressed up in modish Paris, New York, Vienna or London clothes.

Such minds are seeing that to let the mind slip away from all control, save for its loyalty to the one fixed point of the material nature, cause and effects of everything there is—on which point many modern minds, indeed, are fixed with the fixity of madness—in art and literature and philosophy, and so sinking back into the state of animals or children before the dawn of reason, may produce, indeed, at the very start of such a movement (as has been the case) a few fascinating because curious and unusual works, books, pictures, verses, music, essays; but that the end of such a movement can only be a return to the primal swamp where, perhaps, our ancestors swung under the moon by their tails and wailed aloud their love and hate in fashions strikingly similar to much modern art and literature.

And they don't want to go back to the jungle and the swamp; they don't mind a little expedition in such directions, a touch of its tom-toms in music, of its restless, eccentric energy in literature; but, even if they do not accept Christ, they remember there were such men as Aristotle and Plato, and finding that Christianity did indeed build a civilization that carried over from the Greeks and the Romans and the Hebrews and the illuminated minds among the Orientals whose influences were mingled with Greek and Roman culture, and passed over into the Christian ethos, they are turning again toward Christianity in what I may term its secondary but vitally important manifestation, namely, its civilizing discipline and right use of the reason.

They see that when Catholic Christianity is vigorous, civilization thrives, the arts flower, thought is powerful, free, curious and creative; reverence and fidelity and courage and courtesy and humor and wit and jollity are honored by men, and are part of their lives, and life indeed is worth living, and ennui and boredom and despair can only exist, if at all, outside the firm, clear, bounding line of Christendom.

Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard, attacking recently the vulgarities and stupidities of much of the work of modern-minded critics and fiction writers, said of Protestant Puritanism that it might have been the salvific influence in American life and literature if it had not lost touch with its pristine condition of supernatural belief inherent in all valid Christianity, and had not softened and vaporized down into its present state of vague humanitarianism, in which it is merely meddling with other people's morals through inane legislation, and has ceased to count as a major factor in literature. Professor Babbitt is not far from discovering Catholicism as the one thing that can beat back the modern mob of vulgarians and egotists.

Gorham Munson, one of the very youngest generation of American critics, in a new book which has attracted considerable attention, repudiates the whole school of modern American writers who conquered (or who seemed to conquer) the Puritans (for what is true in Puritanism is Catholic doctrine, which cannot be conquered, simply because it is the truth); and as a spokesman for others of the youngest generation states their desire for integrity of thought, clarity of expression, discipline, effort, form.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, it seems to me, is another modern writer who is approaching Catholicism—again let me say that here, as in all other cases, I use the term in its secondary, non-religious, sociological sense—very rapidly and surely. While his latest book, Proper Subjects, is marred by some whopping heresies, still it smashes many idols of the muddy, modern-minded cult, and gives sturdy support to orthodoxy.

Europe, indeed, is full of such writers. America, too, has its Mediaeval Academy, associating scores of university professors and authors and thinkers, most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them non-Catholic in their religious views, but all realizing that one of the greatest errors of modern times, an error several centuries old but persistent still, is the neglect, or the ignoring, and sometimes the deliberate falsification, of the great records of the true middle-ages, when Catholicism was predominant. Sociologists study the mediaeval gilds for clues by which we of today may trace our paths through the wofully tangled relations between capital and labor, the haves and the have-nots. Pope Leo XIII studied those gilds, in his time, and his encyclical letters on the subject are today the text-books of many economists who do not begin or end their studies with the sign of the cross, but who are deeply concerned, as sensible men of all religions ought to be, with the preservation of an ordered and disciplined and sturdy civilization, and who are justly alarmed, though not intimidated, by the invasion of the modern barbarians of the mind with their dissolving and corrupting notions. Mussolini arrogantly appropriated many of Leo's teachings, first smashing the Catholic organizations that had been working them out; but he is doing something with them that probably will be a great good for Italy, and, if for Italy, for the world. In saying this, I am maintaining no brief for Fascism as a whole. In this matter, you must distinguish between what is good and bad.

That, indeed, is a mark of Catholicism, the trained ability to discriminate, to distinguish, to make mental judgments based upon recorded experiences and traditions of human behavior, now nearly twenty centuries old. Catholicism, for example, certainly would not repudiate the modern American writers in the sweeping, wholesale, disgusted fashion of Professor Babbitt and Mr. Paul Elmer More, any more than it would accept the whole indictment of Puritanism penned by the Mencken and Sinclair Lewis school. Life is not so simple as all that; not art, nor letters, nor society. As Augustine of Hippo took over into the Catholic faith Plato and what Plato, in turn, had taken over from the marvelous mysticism of the Orient; and as the schoolmen (before the degeneration of the schools into mere verbalism) with Thomas of Aquin at their head, took over Aristotle and the Arabian philosophy; so today the thinkers of the Church are not disregarding or scorning any new, or apparently new, developments in modern thought; indeed, they welcome them —but not in a hurry, not with emotion; not without caution and prudence. They have learned not to mistake thrills for truth; they have standards that have stood all tests; they apply them, and they incorporate true metal, they discard the dross.

And as modern thinkers—not the mere modern mood-worshipers, thrill-hunters, sensation-seekers—but men really exercising their intellectual instruments on the stuff of life, are increasingly turning toward the Church, and forming many singular alliances with the saints and philosophers of Rome the eternal, so, too, are the modern artists, those, again, I mean, who are of the same firm mold as the thinkers I am referring to, also turning Romeward; American fiction writers are discovering the color and romance and spiritual mystery and civilizing influence of the Catholic pioneers, and the pre-Puritan American Catholic life. Witness Willa Cather's Death Comes for the Archbishop, and Thornton Wilder's The Bridge of San Luis Rey, and Mary Austin and her fellow artists of the colony at Sante Fé.

Henry Adams, perhaps, was the first non-Catholic ally of the Church in the United States to turn the minds of discriminating moderns back toward Catholicism, in his Mont St. Michel, and also in the Education. The Catholicizing influence of his work has been immense. So too, the work of Ralph Adams Cram, in the long succession of his books in which the heresies and fads of the modern mind are so vigorously and effectively assailed, and the firm foundations of orthodox principles of civilization are insisted upon as stanchly as, in his capacity of architect, the same man insists upon the strength, just proportions, beauty and fitness for their purpose of his Gothic churches. Catholic architecture—indeed, with Cram and Goodhue and Charles McGinnis, and the interesting younger man who fights the Gothic and is a modernist of the moderns in his use of modern material and his tendency to experiment in his search after creation and not imitation, Barry Byrne, of Chicago—is one of the most vital proofs of the effect on American civilization of the Catholic influence.

In the tremendous Lenten service of the Catholic Church, set to the strange magnificence of the Gregorian chant, there arises from the sanctuary where the death of Christ is enacted in the terrible dialogue of His Passion, one very curious line of the liturgy: "O felix culpa!" "O happy fault!" It refers to that sin of humanity's first parents which Mr. Steffens said was caused by the apple. The thought of the Church, in that daring line, would seem to be that God, out of that sin of man, causes, in the long end of all things, more happiness for his children by the proofs given to them, in their earthly exile and distress, of His love. However that may be, the Church today will not get cross with Mr. Steffens for his heresy about the apple, for in that same Good Friday service, she says, in the midst of her desolation: *"Oremus et pro paganis: ut Deus omnipotens auferat iniquitatem a cordibus eorum; ut relictis idolis suis, convertantur ad Deum vivum et verum . . ."* "Let us pray, also, for the pagans: that Almighty God would remove iniquity from their hearts: that, quitting their idols, they may be converted to the true and living God."

But, of course, it will be a hard task to get rid of the idolatry of the apple. William Tell is famous because he shot the apple off of his son's head; but the modern mind has the apple inside the head, as a fixed idea. However, sound reason in the long run is curative, and I will not despair of Mr. Steffens, and decidedly not of Mr. Nock.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CANADA'S PRESSING PROBLEM

By J. B. M. CLARK

THE combination of an unsatisfactory inflow of immigrants, a declining birth rate and a steady exodus of native Canadians, constitutes a population problem the solution of which the dominion government is anxious to find. At the time of writing, the House of Commons Standing Committee on Agriculture is conducting an exhaustive inquiry into the immigration question, which is felt to be the major factor in the situation, and the country's press, public men and patriotic citizens generally are maintaining a live interest in the subject. Why should Canada, a young country with ample territory and natural resources and a hardy and enterprising people, be afflicted with the domestic maladies peculiar to overcrowded lands or those past their prime? The answer to this conundrum must be forthcoming.

The birth rate in the eight Anglo-Saxon provinces is estimated to have gone back something like 18 percent in the past six years, and although the French province of Quebec still progresses in this respect, largely through the determined stand taken against birth control by the Roman Catholic clergy, infant mortality among the habitants is so heavy as seriously to offset the gains in births. The French-Canadian press moreover expresses a fear that the spread of education among the common people will result in the inevitable checking of natural increase, which indeed is only too likely under existing economic conditions.

Immigration has fallen off steadily since the boom of pre-war years which furnished us with 354,000 new settlers in 1912; 402,000 in 1913; and 384,000 in 1914, as contrasted with 111,000 in 1925; 96,000 in 1926; and 143,000 in 1927, the numbers in each case being given in even thousands for the sake of convenience. From these figures of course have to be deducted the very considerable outflow of native Canadians and British immigrants to the United States. Between 1918 and 1927 upward of nine hundred thousand Canadians departed for the United States, of whom perhaps four hundred thousand returned, leaving Canada with a net loss of half a million people; while in the five-year period between 1923 and 1927 the immigration and emigration figures balanced almost exactly, so that Canada had to depend for her net increase in that period on natural multiplication and repatriated citizens from the United States. That this is a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs for a nation of only 9,000,000 people will be understood when it is stated that the net population gain of the United States by immigration in the last six months of 1926 was 133,000, or more in the half year than Canada's net gain by that means for the whole year.

The immediate problem for Canada is to find ways and means of inducing people of the right kind to come to this country from Great Britain without unduly flooding local labor markets. Any attempt to make up the deficit in British-born by increasing the number of continental Europeans invariably leads to an outcry from the West about being "swamped" by foreigners—a cry that rarely fails to reach the ear of the government and, as the proportion of foreign to British immigrants has been considerably in favor of the former during the last few years, the subject is kept very much alive. The labor bodies, too, take a strong stand against bringing in outsiders so long as there is any unemployment in the country, and the government has striven to follow a policy of having the incoming flow bear a close ratio to jobs available. Such a scheme, however, does not quite link up with the exigencies of the private venturer under the present economic system, whose plans are founded in large part on the immediate availability of a numerous body of unemployed labor capable of being banded and disbanded quickly and freely, a condition that may be considered to be aggravated to some extent by the great changes in climatic conditions and the "seasonal" occupations consequent thereupon, which nothing has yet been done on a national scale to stabilize.

The Canadian tradesman, through his elected spokesmen and union officials, declares that he does not want the country flooded with cheap labor that will cut the wage rate and lower living conditions, nor is this desirable from any point of view, although some critics point out that it was by opening the doors wide that the United States got over the same difficulty during her early years of growth. However the sweat and agony of that kind of struggle for survival are commonly felt to be out-of-date at this time of day, and a more comprehensive solution of the problem is demanded. But Canada, having in a manner mortgaged herself on railway construction during boom years in anticipation of population dreams that have not quite materialized, now finds herself in very urgent need of more people. She wants to get the right kind and get them quickly.

The task is felt to be primarily one of connecting the "landless man" in Britain with the "manless land" in Canada but, strange as it may seem, this is not proving an easy task, and the various empire settlement schemes inaugurated since the war have been more or less unsuccessful in bringing Britishers to Canada. These schemes have usually taken the form of loans for passage money and, to farmers, for livestock and household equipment. In its 1927 report the Overseas Settlement Committee in London stated that while the working of the Empire Settlement Act since its passage in 1922 was "not altogether unsatisfactory," they held the view that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so long as the present restrictive conditions imposed by the dominions prevail, no material increase in the movement overseas is likely.

A special scheme financed jointly by the British and Canadian governments for bringing over and settling 3,000 selected families, which included a cash loan and the erection of buildings on easy terms, has resulted in the moving of 1,500 families in the two years of its operation—a good deal less than was anticipated.

One of the "restrictive conditions" referred to in the report has been the substitution of a small number of Canadian doctors at important centres in Britain for an army of British local doctors ("roster" doctors) scattered over the country. Through the agency of the latter an intending emigrant could be inspected in his own native village after working hours, whereas, under the new arrangement, he is forced to leave his work and go to a distant town at considerable inconvenience and expense. This regulation alone is estimated to have cut down the prospective Canadian immigrants in some parts of Britain by as much as one-third. It furnishes an excellent illustration of how small a thing may yet be a serious obstacle to the poor man desirous of emigrating.

It is not so much the case, as is sometimes assumed, that such people would rather remain in Britain and take the dole than go abroad, as that the enterprise is a sheer financial impossibility. Fear of finding themselves stranded in a strange country without work is another deterrent, and, last but by no means least, is the love of the Briton for his own native land. He is sure of an old-age pension there, and every such social improvement acts as an additional inducement to him to remain if things are bearable at all.

A few expressions of opinion on the subject culled by a representative of the Glasgow Weekly Herald from out-of-work miners in the Lanarkshire district of Scotland may not be out of place. One asked, a married man with a family:

> Why is it always the poor who have to emigrate? It has always been the same. If you haven't money here you are as good as told to get out. Emigration is dinned into our ears on every hand. Why should we always have to break up our homes and try our luck abroad? Why is it that the working man has to take all the risks?

> I am lucky compared with the older hands [said a youth.] There is always abroad. There is no use going to the States because I haven't the money. I can't pay my passage anywhere. But I have got a chance to go out as a farm learner, and I have applied for an assisted passage. Ten dollars only it will cost me. . . . The family man's different. He has got other things to think of, and if he is a miner the colonies don't want him. He is all right if he can pay his passage to America. But by the time they get their quota number they have no money left.

> I would go anywhere tomorrow [said another, a dole man.] But I can't get. I am a miner—never done anything else but work in the pits. The colonies don't want the likes of me. If I can't do farm work I am no use. They won't give me an assisted passage anywhere. . . . To get to America means money. I will never have enough.

Even with assisted passages emigration is not always so easy as it sounds. From evidence furnished to the investigating committee it appears that "pushing back the wilderness" on the old pioneer lines does not appeal strongly to the present British immigrant, and even those from continental Europe tend to drift into the towns when farming conditions become too onerous. With this drift to the urban centres still going on in Britain itself, the number of trained agricultural workers of the kind Canada is most anxious to get is steadily diminishing, and in any case farm laborers are now paid practically as much in England as they are in Canada, with the additional advantages of an eight-hour day, Saturday half-holiday and an old-age pension, so that few of them are inclined to make a change.

The old inducement of a free grant of land does not seem to be the attraction it once was, experience having proven that without adequate capital the struggle is too severe. A British ex-soldier, who had taken up land in the West, told in a Montreal newspaper not long ago how he had to hire himself out to a neighboring farmer to meet expenses, and between that and the labor on his own place he was going from half-past four in the morning till eleven o'clock at night each day. At the rate at which he was able to pay off his indebtedness he figured that his farm of 160 acres, valued with its buildings at $2,600, would be his in twenty-five years' time. Although he was quite cheerful about it and expressed himself as well pleased, it seems obvious that the proposition is not of a kind to induce a free movement of the right sort of settlers, even though many successful farms have been developed by such herculean labors.

A Yorkshire woman, writing home to an English paper of her fourteen years' experience of farm life on the prairies, states that "the credit system is the biggest curse of the West," and warns newcomers against buying anything "on time." The 8 percent interest on machinery notes is like a millstone round the necks of the family, and long before the note is paid the machinery is worn out. She says:

> It is heart-breaking to see hard-working and honorable farmers forced to sell out on account of their inability to free themselves of these debts,

and she counsels emigrants to come only as families or in groups, as the loneliness and homesickness are often terrible. In fourteen years this woman had seen only four people to whom she could talk of old times, had no relatives in all the country, and had never met those of her husband. With less than 1 percent of the country's farmers paying income tax, a tax that exempts from payment married men with less than $3,000 per year and single men with less than $1,500, it is evident that the rewards in this all-important

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sphere of activity are meantime not quite commensurate with its hazards and disadvantages and the never-ending toil it entails.

Suggestions for improvement are many and varied, from comprehensive schemes for the placing of 250,000 to 300,000 settlers on 50,000,000 acres of available arable land in the western provinces at a total cost to the country of some $200,000,000, to less ambitious projects such as simplifying the present medical and civil inspection of British emigrants, reducing passage rates, abolishing occupational tests for single men, government loans for workers' cottages on existing farms, and so on. Several schemes are already under way for bringing batches of British boys to Canada, from which much is expected; and the railway companies have established farm colonies at different points in the West. All these things help, but it is felt that their sum total does not meet the demands of the case.

Nor can the industrial aspect of the situation be overlooked. Among the manufacturing sections there is a constant agitation for an upward revision of the tariff, so that the ever-increasing stream of manufactured goods flowing into the country, principally from the United States, may be lessened as far as possible, and such goods manufactured here in Canada. Our bill from the United States in 1927 was something like $800,000,000. With the example of our prosperous neighbor before us it is not felt that Canada can develop successfully as a low-tariff country. It certainly does not seem likely.

As far as the steady flow of our best youth to the United States is concerned, it seems to be the domestic policy of individual businesses that needs revision, as most of these young men go south in search of better wages and conditions. Not much is heard in this country about the democratization of industry which is proceeding so briskly in the United States, and we do not appear to be developing among our executives men of the type of the Filenes, Fords, Eastmans, Endicotts and Nashes, who have done and are doing so much to bring about the sharing by employees alike of profits and management. The Prime Minister stated in Parliament that 1927 was a year of excellent business, based on the statements of bank presidents and prominent business men. Possibly it was. But the average citizen would hardly know of it, so close do living costs come to the plain man's wages.

The time does seem ripe in this country for bold and drastic measures not only for settling the country but for a more equitable distribution among the general body of the people of the proceeds of their labor. Both are part and parcel of the same problem. Whether the recommendations of the present committee will meet the urgency of the situation is possibly problematical; but that anything less than a national handling of the question will suffice is, as the facts show, in the highest degree improbable.

THE INSPIRATION OF JOHN AYSCOUGH

By JOHN J. DOWNEY

MONSIGNOR Bickerstaffe-Drew, who died recently, was one of that goodly company of English Catholic writers who have helped to remove from the minds of present-day Catholics a worry voiced by Cardinal Newman that in the past the enemies of the Church attacked but in the present they ignore us. Oxford took to itself and made "required reading" of Bickerstaffe-Drew's San Celestino, a fictionalized but vigorous defense of that Pope whose errors of judgment in his reign of four months took years to adjust. Writing under the pen name of John Ayscough, the Monsignor has given to our English Catholic literature the fruits of a mind enriched by culture, education and foreign travel. A charming essayist, he was possessed of all the suavity, kindliness and tolerance that our classic essayist has bequeathed to us in My Unknown Chum. As a novelist he was at times an essayist and for the most part he was never a novelist but a chronicler in the easy-going way of Anthony Trollope. He had no apologies to offer:

> I can only write in my own way, on lines of my own, with my own purposes and my own conception of what my obligation, not only to Catholic usefulness, but to letters, involves.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew's inspiration was his love for and devotion to his mother. There was as much fervor in his resolve to write and by the earnings of his pen provide comforts for his idolized mother as there was in Dante's resolve to produce a poem worthy of Beatrice. As an inspirational force and a power driving him on to achievement, the intensity of this priest's love for his mother will not suffer in comparison with the great love that produced the Sonnets from the Portuguese. Its influence is evident throughout his life.

In the Monsignor's writings there is little if any reference to his father, the Reverend Henry Lloyd Bickerstaffe, and the reason for this is readily surmised from a paragraph in the biographical sketch which serves as an introduction to John Ayscough's Letters to His Mother during 1914, 1915 and 1916. The paragraph reads:

> Those who read Fernando will recollect that the marriage was not much approved by the parents on either side, nor was it fortunate; perhaps husband and wife were unsuited; at all events it ultimately came to a complete separation shortly after Ayscough's birth, on February 11, 1858.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The plight of his mother incident to this separation left an idelible impress on the young boy and sixty years afterward he pictured it in the saddest and most touching passage that he has written:

> Long before she had learned to cease listening for a childish step on the stair, for a step that carried the little feet out of human hearing up the golden ladder, she was alone in the world, widowed, with three children and no income.

As a tribute to this mother he assumed in 1879 the second surname which made him Bickerstaffe-Drew.

Whenever John Ayscough put his pen to paper there mingled with the ink that racial inheritance from his Irish forbears which is never moroseness but a sort of atavistic grief coloring every emotional reaction. For a thousand years Celtic bards and minstrels have sung of warriors who went forth to battle and always died while their womenfolk ate out their hearts in grief and woe. "We Irish," wrote Canon Barry in Memories and Opinions, "are a susceptible folk, and deep sadness may take hold of us while we appear to others unconcerned." An inherited sadness intensified a thousandfold by his earliest and most vivid recollections of a mother's struggle to provide for her fatherless children explains the presence in John Ayscough's novels of sad women and sad women only—Marotz, Gillian Thesiger, Faustula, Jacqueline, Dobachi and Mariquita. The causes of the sadness of these Niobes are a vile crew: a father provides his fifteen-year-old son the women for his corruption; a betrayer in happy relief watches a betrayed girl sink for the third time; a murderer serves as hangman for the innocent man found guilty; a wily Greek lures into a fake marriage a girl alone in the world; a German spy deceives and marries an English girl. In all there is one man worth while—an old Sicilian shoemaker; but he commits suicide in a manner beyond detection so that his daughter may secure his life insurance for her dowry.

Two boys pictured by this priest-author, Piccolo in Marotz and the emperor of San Diego in Dromina, seem the oddest and most improbable creations in literature until one learns that they have a prototype in the author himself, who at the age of nine "built an altar in his garden, invented a sacrament for himself, and offered milk and flowers to Our Lady," and who, at twelve, having written a novel, begged permission from the Empress Eugénie to dedicate it to her. Of this period he wrote in Pages from the Past:

> Hardly had the disappearance of childhood relieved me from the incubus of dreading to see in my contemporaries' eyes their conviction that I was "old-fashioned," when I began to perceive that they regarded me as an "odd" boy.

The boy who at twelve had completed the manuscript of his first novel was not fated to rush to premature heights like young Chatterton. He was fifty before he came into his own with Marotz. One letter of praise that he received made this long wait for recognition worth while:

> Meredith I never met; but from him, very shortly before his death, I received a letter of most generous and unexpected praise of Marotz. Strange to say, the portions of this book dealing with the contemplative convent specially attracted him: "I am," he wrote, "reverently in love with Poor Sister."

Most of the fiction that followed Marotz was no more than a reflection of it with the locale and cast of characters changed. When he abandoned the Marotz type, as he did in Gracechurch, Fernando, and Monksbridge, he was an Anthony Trollope writing in the form employed by Mrs. Gaskell in Cranford. Plot received scant notice; heroes were dismissed as of no consequence; logical development and forward motion were unthought of. To him Cranford was unique. "It never flags or fails, and there is not a single sentence to skip, not a phrase that could be spared." Anthony Trollope was his stylistic master. He cultivated that confidential pose of "I am at your elbow, you know," and if opportunity presented itself he liked to pause and have his little joke as Trollope did in Barchester Towers when he assured the reader sotto voce that Mr. Slope added the "e" in his name for euphony. To him the Barsetshire novels were never sufficiently admired. Perhaps the explanation of this devotion to Trollope in preference to Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot is "From my mother, who knew him, I used to hear much of him; and to admire him was a family tradition."

In all his literary work Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew was the kindly, courteous, cultured gentleman. Sympathetic in his delineation of women almost to the point of sentimentality, he was, nevertheless, not without a tolerant understanding of the evil-doings of his male creations. A prize scholar in the classics in his public-school days, he continued, to old age, ever a lover of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. To him Italy was a land enchanted by classic associations and sanctified by Christian blood. Music and art and literature never lost their charm. A convert to Catholicity he always regarded himself as born in the Faith, and to it he consecrated his life as a priest in making it better known and loved. Passionately fond of justice, he resented Dante's placing Pope Saint Celestine upside down in hell and, as an act of vindication, he produced his finest work, San Celestino. A loving son even down to the days of three score and ten he left as a legacy the ideal that every day is Mothers' Day.

Fairy Flight

Slip-slip over the lily pads,
Slip-slip into the night,
From the quiet cool
Of the starlit pool,
Till the night air sings
With the beat of wings
And the sloe-eyed deer take fright.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Raindrops

Raindrops get the notion,
Sweeping through the air
With a bird-like motion,
They must also wear

Beaks and wings and feathers.
Nearing earth, they perch
(Heedless of the weather's
Plan or wish) and lurch

On a swaying wire
Like a blackbird flock.
It's their one desire
As they balance, rock,

To appear as swallows,
(Swinging all day long)
Little crystal swallows
Lacking liquid song.

COLETTE M. BURNS.

Bay Tides

Here's no curveting
Commotion,
No clangor of
An iron-shod ocean.

Only the silken-sure
Pad-pad
Of a running
Olympiad,

On rubber soles
That suck and bore
Their way about
A circling shore;

No lathered haunches,
No sinews straining;
Only a sun-bronzed youth
In training.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

Attic Window

When green leaves turn their silver undersides
Out, in a sudden black of afternoon,
When branches toss, when old Aunt Nanny hides
And shrills "de Jedgment-day am comin' soon!"
When chickens penward run before a gust
That pelts them with the hard, unripened pears,
When curtains blow and doors slam, then I must
Seek my far land of reverie, upstairs

Beneath the roof, smell the approaching rain
With lungs filled, listen to the overtures
Of trees that court the storm, and feel again
The savage joy of this wild hair of yours,
Valkyrie—yellow hair that lights the skies—
Proud hair above a storm of sea-grey eyes.

MADEFREY ODHNER.

To an Old Gardner

Your wares in life are crimson hollyhocks,
  Madonna lilies swaying in the wind,
You are a friend of pansies and wild phlox
  And lovelier friends than these are hard to find.
The poppies droop: you lift their blossoms up
  With sparkling water from a shiny pot—
Watch golden bees above a tulip's cup,
  And find a dream in each forget-me-not.

Your heart will never leave a heritage
  Of deathless wonder for the world. . . . Your hands
Have lifted up no tower to the age—
  But humbly, for all ages and all lands
Your epitaph, before life's drama closes
  Is written in your pink and yellow roses.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

Sawmill

Here in a hill of dusty gold
The sliding mill where death is tolled
For pine and spruce and evergreen.
Here is the forest plunder seen,
Caught in the thunder of a blade
That plunges purple forest shade
And flattens sunlight to a board,
To build fine houses for a lord
Who comes each day with high boot tread
To look upon the newly dead:

He counts them, and divides by four—
So many hillsides to the floor!

CHARLES A. WAGNER.

Daisy White

I stood a while in deference
To what the turn of road revealed,
A lifetime picture of surprise,
A sheer white hill—a daisy field.

So sudden, beautiful and still—
I saw it just before the night—
Of course I would not enter there
And lift a stem of daisy white.

And down below across the road,
Reflected in the pond's smooth glass,
So sharp, so shadowy, so rare,
I saw the mind's own image pass.

ELEANOR C. KOENIG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

The Two-Ring Circus

The Democratic Party, by Frank R. Kent. $5.00; The Republican Party, by William S. Myers. $5.00. New York: The Century Company.

MR. KENT is a political writer for the Baltimore Sun. His task covers a longer period than that of the Republican historian, for the Democratic party is contemporaneous with Thomas Jefferson while the Republicans did not make a presidential bid until 1856. Mr. Kent traces the birth pangs of the party with a facile pen, and gives a good account of the early years of Thomas Jefferson's brain child.

One of his theses is that the Democratic party must be wet. One sees evidence of a careful search for data to sustain the contention that Democracy is not Democratic unless it drips, and a corresponding effort to contrast the Republican party as the natural prohibition party of the country.

The Democratic annalist declares that, under Jackson, "for the first time the federal jobs were deliberately and calculatingly used by wholesale as rewards for party service"— a contention which Mr. Claude G. Bowers, in his Party Battles of the Jackson Period, devotes considerable space to denying. However, the Kent account does full justice to Old Hickory's stand in the nullification fight and terms Jackson's address to the people of South Carolina on this occasion "an imperishable document." One is glad, also, to find Mr. Kent doing deserved honor to the memory of Martin Van Buren. Van Buren in his career during and after the Presidency, showed courage and character. His definite stand on the extension of slavery, and his unwillingness to remain quiescent in the Democratic party when the slaveholders got control does him the greatest credit.

Mr. Kent's view of James K. Polk is not nearly so just as that of Mr. Myers. According to the latter, Polk was a real President who led his party while he was in the White House in a masterful way. Polk has never been given his due credit. Read his diary, and you get a picture of a patriotic, able man.

Mr. Myers is a professor of politics at Princeton University. His book is hopelessly hide-bound, and typically Republican in its viewpoint; it has, however, several distinctly interesting points of view.

The first of these is the fashion in which the author traces back the Republican party principles not to Alexander Hamilton, but to Thomas Jefferson! One hears very little of Hamilton in the book, but one is told of the zeal of the early Republicans, of their enthusiasm for liberty and freedom, for the call of opportunity, and equality before the law. One is given an interesting picture of the break-up of the Whig party following the campaign of 1852, and of the fashion in which ardent and unterrified spirits turned to the formation of a new political organism to maintain honesty in politics, and to check the territorial extension of slavery.

In 1864, the Republicans as such were very much sub rosa. Abraham Lincoln was nominated in Baltimore by not a Republican, but by a "National Union" convention, at which the name Republican was spoken in whispers, if at all. It was thought that the Republican party was solely sectional, that Abraham Lincoln and the administration were much larger than the Republican party; that union was the vital matter, and that the sectional Republican name had better be concealed, so that as many loyal unionists as possible, regardless of past affiliations, would give Lincoln their support for a second

INSTITUTE OF HOLY ANGELS, Fort Lee, N. J.
HIGH SCHOOL
Member of the association of colleges and secondary schools of the middle states and Maryland. Registered by the University of the State of New York and by the New Jersey State Board of Education.
Secretarial Department, Elementary School
Special advantages in Music and Art. Extensive Campus, field hockey, basket-ball, tennis, etc. Address Secretary.

URSULINE COLLEGE
"Brescia Hall," London, Ontario
CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
Federated with the University of Western Ontario
General and Honour Courses leading to B.A. and M.A. Degrees
Write for Prospectus
Preparatory College, "The Pines," Chatham, Ontario

Georgetown Preparatory School
GARRETT PARK, MARYLAND
COUNTRY SCHOOL
Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers
REGULAR FOUR-YEAR CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL COURSE
Classes Limited Private Rooms Only
Situated in the villa section of Montgomery County, Maryland, Eleven Miles from the National Capital. Increased accommodations ready this fall.
For information or catalogue apply HEADMASTER

For Your Convenience

$5.00 a year domestic
5.50 in Canada
6.00 Foreign

The Commonweal
Grand Central Terminal
New York City

Please enter a subscription to The Commonweal for—

Name .....

City .....

State .....

☐ Enclosed find remittance.
☐ Send bill to

Name .....

City .....

State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

term. Even more significant, Andrew Johnson, the Southern Democrat who felt union of supreme importance, was frankly nominated so as to give the ticket an appeal to the millions of union war democrats of the North and border states.

The Republican party, which started out as a fine moral force, was diverted from its philosophic zeal in the years from 1864 to 1876. Ever since it has been the party of big business. It was in this epoch that the deal was made between big business and the "radicals." The price exacted by the radicals was congressional reconstruction—the rule of the bayonet over the bleeding South. Stevens sowed the seed, Butler, Ashley, Boutwell, Sherman, nurtured it, and its fruit was so sorry that even Sumner eventually had to protest. The Negro legislator and the carpetbag governor left a legacy behind them. That legacy is the Solid South.

A further portion of the price the country paid for the Republican transformation was the tariff. The favored few in certain industrial localities waxed rich at the expense of the people as a whole. Pennsylvania demanded protection, and got it, levying tribute off the whole people, with a few interruptions, from that day on. One looks in vain in Professor Myers's volume for an understanding account of this political miscegenation. One is not told of the processes by which the Republican party of Lincoln and Fremont, of Andrew and Sumner and Schurz, became the Republican party of Hanna and Penrose and Quay, of Fall, Forbes and Sinclair.

Then too his attitude toward "the crime of 1876" is obviously hardly judicial. At this late date one does not expect to have even a partisan historian defend this infamous steal. One can admire neither Professor Myers's attitude toward Grover Cleveland, whom he damns with faint praise, nor his equivocal justification for Roosevelt's Panama seizure, nor his treatment of Woodrow Wilson, at whom he directs much spleen. Moreover, he devotes only a couple of paragraphs to the scandals of the Harding administration, to the infamous trinity of Forbes, Dougherty and Fall.

Mr. Kent's treatment of William Jennings Bryan, the dominant figure in Democratic leadership for the twelve years from 1896 to 1908, and of great prestige and influence with the party rank and file until his death, is unsympathetic. In addition, his treatment of the Democratic conventions of 1920 and 1924 is very misleading. In both of these campaigns Mr. William G. McAdoo loomed large. Mr. Kent's treatment of him is the more unfair because of a clever surface show of fairness. He has the grace to exculpate Mr. McAdoo of improper connection with the oil scandals, and he likewise frees him of imputation of intolerance or of an anti-Catholic bias. And he admits (p. 486) that the Smith presidential boom at Madison Square was "far more for the purpose of beating McAdoo than of nominating himself." Mr. Kent asserts that Tennessee, Washington and California deserted McAdoo on the hundredth ballot, and that thereafter McAdoo withdrew. This is not so. The withdrawal preceded the switch. Furthermore, McAdoo's own California delegation switched at his desire to Senator Thomas J. Walsh, a dry Catholic; but Smith's New York delegates went to the Protestant wet Underwood and Mr. Kent ignores this fact too.

These two volumes have many interesting features to them. If read together, one affords a partial antidote to the other. But both writers look at their subjects through party-colored glasses, and the result is a somewhat distorted view. Mr. Kent's is the better written book. Each needs to be taken with a very large pinch of salt.

George Fort Milton.

Faith and Knowledge

Christianity in Science, by Frederick B. Leete. New York: The Abingdon Press. $3.00.

SO MUCH has been said about the inevitable opposition between science and religion, and so few scientists are supposed to look upon religion as a great contribution to our knowledge in the scheme of things, that a book like this cannot but be a great surprise to a large number of people. Bishop Leete, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has gathered together a series of quotations which demonstrate very clearly that the great majority of the distinguished scientists to whom we owe fine original work in science were and continue to be practical believers in Christianity; that they not only find no incompatability at all between their religion and their science, but they do not hesitate to say that the two are complements to each other and that the one without the other is maimed and lame so far as an explanation of the meaning of life is concerned.

Our American Nobel prize man in physics, Professor Millikan, formerly of the University of Chicago, in the concluding sentence of his lectures on Evolution in Science and Religion at Yale, said: "The Prophet, Micah, said 2,500 years ago, 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?' Modern science of the real sort is slowly learning to walk humbly with its God and in learning that lesson it is contributing something to religion."

Distinguished English scientists are quite ready to express this same view. Professor A. V. Hill, the Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society of London and recent English Nobel Prize man in medicine, in his lectures at the Lowell Institute, delivered in Boston, March, 1927, reëchoed Millikan's expression in rather striking fashion. In a passage referred to in this volume, he did not hesitate to declare that "The instinct which sees the human qualities of purpose, goodness and intelligence in all natural phenomena living and not living, and projects them into some supernatural being called God, is not in its nature far removed from the spirit which recognizes function and adaptability as properties of all life; while the mysticism which reveals the material world as a manifestation of some deeper, underlying reality is not unlike some of the developments of modern theoretical physics."

Millikan and Hill constitute but two examples among very recent scientists honored for their original work who have no hesitation in proclaiming their adherence to religion. There are ever so many others whom Bishop Leete has quoted. His book of nearly four hundred pages is packed with quotations from distinguished men of science of the past hundred years and more which show very clearly that the presumption now so common that scientists find it impossible to accept religion is entirely without foundation so far as the greatest scientists are concerned. A great many of these believe, as Michael Pupin has so well expressed it, that science and religion are intimately related phases of human knowledge, and that Christianity has done much to encourage the cultivation of science.

Unfortunately there are a great many scientists who are quite ready to express their feeling that there is an inappeasable conflict between religion and science. Almost without exception, however, these are men who have not done original work in science but who have learned what they know out of books and are engaged in teaching science to younger men. The acquisition of science from books is so easy that many of these men seem inclined to think that only a little more effort will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be required on their part before they will be able to understand everything. After all a sophomore can now learn in the course of a couple of weeks what Newton would have given twenty years of his life to know, but that does not say that the sophomore is equal to Newton in thinking power or that his opinion about any subject that he may turn to is therefore worth while.

The scientists who have done original research know the difficulties they have encountered, the problems that have presented themselves and, above all, how much there is that they would like to know that they do not know though they have tried very hard. They know the mysteries of the world around them and how hard it is to penetrate even a little way into them. They are ready to realize the value that religion may have for men in the face of these insoluble mysteries. They are even ready to think that some of these mysteries may never be solved, so long as this stage of humanity lasts.

Usually these men of original research are quiet, unobtrusive individuals with their minds concentrated on their work and seldom heard of in the world until some scientific institute, by conferring an honor on them, brings them out of their modest retirement into the limelight of publicity. The book-learned scientists, however, are loudly vocal as a rule and ready to make themselves heard on every possible occasion. They are quite sure that they are right and that everyone else should listen to them. The professorial experience is unfortunate in this regard.

Bishop Leete has done a great good work in bringing together all these quotations which show so well the spirit of modern scientists with regard to every phase of the relationship between science and religion. The book deserves to be on the library shelves of all those who are interested in either religion or science and immediately under the hands of those who are interested in both religion and science.

JAMES J. WALSH.

The Comic Cosmos

The Wild Body: Stories, by Wyndham Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS very justly celebrated writer, who is artist and philosopher at once, is nothing if not didactic. He is not an advocate of "art for art's sake." But he is not preoccupied with morals: on the contrary he is the arch-foe of the "revolutionary" cult. Nor does he have a political aim which requires to be disguised. Yet Mr. Lewis is a "man with a message," a very important one in my opinion.

Although the stories, which make up the present volume (Sigismund and You Broke My Dream, unpolished as yet, excepted) demonstrate that the meticulous art of beautiful letters is not beyond him, technique is never Mr. Lewis's first consideration. This was manifest already as long ago as 1916 when Tarr, which (as many recognize) anticipated the present preoccupation with sex of the Freudian novel, first appeared. Mr. Lewis, before ever Joyce's Ulysses and Eliot's Wasteland were published, had turned all the power of his satirical invective against those "high bohemian art" circles where the propaganda was taking shape.

A few alterations were necessary to bring these stories together under a central theme. Some little polishing, before the appearance of the present volume, was also thought to be appropriate. But, with the sole exceptions aforementioned, these stories, when first published before the war, spoke to the same effect. I think it is not a little remarkable that Mr.

WANTED

Business and Editorial Manager

"New Missionary Magazine under impressive auspices seeks man or woman who can direct its editorial and commercial procedure. Applicants should be fully alert to the opportunities which exist for the spread of the Faith among the colored people of America. Please respond in full detail and advise the remuneration expected for the first year.

Address: P. O. BOX 4830,
FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA."

Loretto Abbey College
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
(Within St. Michael's)
FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN
All Courses leading to a degree in Arts

An intense Catholic life and culture within the College.

Full participation in all University activities and in the educational facilities of a State-endowed institution of international repute.

For full explanation of a unique system
Address: THE DEAN, LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE, Toronto 4

WALTER J. FAHY & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

NEW YORK

44 Pine Street
John 4100

522 Fifth Avenue
Murray Hill 3700

MOUNT WASHINGTON
COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Mount Washington, Md.

In proximity to Mount St. Agnes is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school.

Gymnasium and Swimming Pool
Cafeteria Service for Day Pupils

Reservations Limited

Seventy Select Boys from Six to Thirteen Years of Age

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER VACATION TRIPS and CRUISES

Nova Scotia, New Foundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto-Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to Mountains, Lakes and Shore. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request to

FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535—5th Ave., N. Y. City Phone 8390-8391 Murray Hill

Popular Pamphlets on Evolution

THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents. $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*. 15 cents at retail; 10 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.

By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.

THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PA.

An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm

College Women From Eighteen States

40 Miles from Dixie 43 Minutes form Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees

PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION

Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students

Catalogue on application to the Secretary

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL

630 Riverside Drive, New York City

Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland.

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

Syosset, Long Island, New York

A Residential and Day School for Girls will open September, 1928. Healthful Location, Modern Equipment. Regents' Requirements. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Address the Directress.

ELEVATORS

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON

EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY

BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

REGIS COLLEGE

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts with full powers to confer Collegiate Degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, Bachelor of Science in Home Economics, and Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Studies.

Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph

For Catalogue address:

THE REGISTRAR OF REGIS COLLEGE

Lewis, at that time, should have taken up essentially the same point of view toward the whole of human life that he assumes in his recently published Time and Western Man.

Whenever Mr. Lewis is seen hurrying, as if bent on important business, one may safely assume that exquisite pleasures await him; and, since he is first of all the artist, it is certain that the organ for which he seeks the stimulation is the eye. But his reflective faculty was also busy during his sojourns in Spanish Galicia and Brittany; and these stories, which have their setting in those regions, give evidence of a wonderful ability to abstract from experience. The reader has the sense that Mr. Lewis has fathomed completely the men whom he has studied. It seems to me that the stories are convincing because the author has "touched," as well as watched, the types which he chose for subjects.

As long as one sees only one side of an object a doubt of its substantiality may remain; but when one walks all around it and views it from every side, and especially when one grasps it with his hands and the sense of touch reinforces that of sight, there cannot be any doubt. So Mr. Lewis does not merely observe the superficial appearances of that grotesquely grimacing and dancing thing which "the wild body" is. He does not think of its aberrations as "funny" merely because they vary from the motions to which one is accustomed. But, on the contrary, he says that a man "is ridiculous fundamentally, he is ridiculous because he is a man, instead of a thing"; the dissonance between "the tragic corpse of life beneath the world of the camera" and the bodily expressions which are allowed to transpire is the essence of Mr. Lewis's humor.

It is obvious that the rich fruit of the author's observations is made possible by his unique method of approach. Mr. Lewis did not attempt to "speak from the inside," a literary affectation which would have charged the background of his stories with a gratuitous subjective coloring. There is no blending of the external with the internal to the confusion of one with the other, as with James Joyce. He patiently observes the individual, which he has chosen as a type, and gives the underlying character time enough to discover itself. Once having grasped this, Mr. Lewis weighs every subsequent word or action of what has become a person with primary reference to the character which has emerged, although he also takes sufficient account of the environmental factors which give occasion for the word or action.

And Mr. Lewis never treats the foibles of his dramatis personae as proofs of his subjects' inability to adjust themselves to their environment (as if everything, which did not adjust itself so, were "abnormal"). To the "realist," who is usually a determinist, there is nothing but environment and the reactions of an animal mechanism. But Mr. Lewis treats his characters as persons who possess souls: in words which the man in the street can understand he explains that he laughed at the fat man who barely caught the tram "because the man's body was not him."

Now, Mr. Lewis's humor is strictly philosophical. It is not the humor which gives vent in the common banterings of people who casually meet one another, such as his Frederick Tarr foregoes for a year in order to take stock of himself and his problem. In The Cornac and His Wife the difference is illustrated.

The humor of the uneducated person depends for its inspiration on the sight of a thing physically out of place. He laughs at the awkward falls of the clown, but never comprehends that within the clown's heart there rankles a violent hatred of the audience to which he plays and of the public upon whose offer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings he depends for a meagre livelihood. Never does the spectator of this class perceive the inner tragedy: the bitter resentment of the proprietor who has been obliged, because the police have refused to allow his young daughter to perform, to take her place and, by sheer force of necessity, go through with the act. It is "the other public" which is aware of all this.

A clue, which if followed would have led straight into the heart of the truth, was supplied the audience when the cornac's wife berated it for not throwing down on the rug its money in sufficient quantity to allow the performance to proceed and come to an end so that the weary troupe might take their rest. Alma in the "funnies" is aware that her employers desire to get rid of her, but she insists on remaining until she can draw sufficient wages to pay for some needed bridge-work on her teeth. This case is similar. But the clue is never followed up by the audience of working people. They take the woman's browbeating for granted, just as they take for granted the browbeating of their employer. Authority dictates their amusements as well as their work.

The one exception, the spectator of "the other public," sees an old, broken-down showman striking out wildly against his poverty and vehemently throwing himself into the contortions expected of a third-rate acrobat. The cornac and his wife are able to control their revulsions sufficiently to proceed with their act, but they cannot conquer them. The very bitterness of their souls, by a strange alchemy, is converted into the energy needed to galvanize "the wild body"—with overtones which indicate clearly to the observer, who cannot be satisfied with less than the heart of experience, what is actually taking place.

"Freud explains everything by sex: I explain everything by laughter," declares Mr. Lewis. It is a better attitude toward life. And "the cadaveric travail," which the critical humorist discovers at the heart of life, lends itself as readily to a tragical interpretation. With the very act of laughing at the body of another, that most inadequate instrument which is "a thing to make children scream at," one is obliged to sympathize. He is aware that his own motions must appear grotesque and strange to his neighbor. One recognizes that a large tolerance is necessary when he handles souls that are dying.

ROBERT R. HULL.

Effervescent Amnesia

Blind Man's Buff, by Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

TERROR of the unknown will, nine times out of ten, cause the hair to rise and the tongue to cleave to the jaws with a complete paralysis of one's powers, or, more to be feared, sheer and unreasoning panic. In the case of the hero of Blind Man's Buff, however, routine steps in to save him from a situation which a match may touch off—that, and a certain desire to see the game through and a confidence in his own combative powers.

Awakened by the porter in a Pullman car, told that he must hurry to get out at his station, he realizes that he does not know what that station has to do with him, nor, in fact, who he himself really is. He clings to the one thing he knows—the porter's words—and gets out. He is accepted at face value as Rodney Hazzard by people about town, is conducted to an apartment that is assumed to be his; he finds himself involved in a business deal of millions, at the mercy of a blackmailing acquaintance and engaged to marry a beautiful heiress. He may be Rodney Hazzard—and he may not. A crash seems imminent whether he accepts the rôle assigned

MALVERN
Preparatory School
RESIDENT and Day School situated in beautiful Chester valley. Large estate. New buildings. Athletic field, gymnasium, lake. Classical and scientific courses of four years each. Catalog.
REV. W. G. RAFTER, O.S.A., *Headmaster*, Malvern, Pa.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

Tripping Feet
Uphill and down dale
All over they go.
No corns or fallen arches—
No trouble do they know.
The reason is quite simple
From childhood they have worn
A stylish shoe that is correct
Which is sold by
PEDIFORME

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.
PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36th St. New York | 29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J. | 322 Livingston St. Brooklyn

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
CLIFTON—CINCINNATI, OHIO
Liberal Arts—Educational Department—Library Science—Music—Dramatic Art
ACADEMIC and PREPARATORY DEPARTMENTS
RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS
Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
A Catholic college for women offering courses leading to Bachelor degrees in arts, science and music. Registered by State Boards of Education in N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Courses in Home Economics and Music. Campus of 400 acres. Tennis, hockey, riding and other sports. *Catalogue*
Address Dean, Box C. Convent Station, New Jersey

IRISH BACON—HAMS
Westphalian Hams—German Frankfurters
IMPORTERS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

Academy of Notre Dame
TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Boarding School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
Affiliated to the Catholic University, to Trinity College and to Emmanuel College
The Academy replaces the boarding department of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell. It comprises primary, Grammar and High School Classes. The two hundred and twenty acres lie among New England hills and woods, affording opportunities for all out-door sports, including boating and horseback riding.
Address SISTER SUPERIOR

ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts
ROME
These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.
For further information communicate with the
REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

MOUNT SAINT AGNES
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

him or whether he yields to terror and makes the world his confidant. He resolves to play his hand out to the end. That it is a breathless game at times, no reader can deny.

The story is mystery, well sustained and plausibly told. Of course the conclusion is obvious, once one reaches it, but to the author's credit be it said, it is not obvious before. A carping critic might reflect that apparently the one thing that stands between the average man and greatness is memory. Shorn of that, there is no length to which he may not go, no obstacle too huge to overcome. But amusing and clever situations pile up, the people are congenial and human—a good book to tuck into a week-end bag.

MONICA D. RYAN.

The Court of the Great Cham

Dr. Johnson and Company, by Robert Lynd. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

BRAZEN as it may seem to write a book on Johnson and his friends, when all the world is still dazzled by Boswell and many lesser luminaries, there is a real need for this work. Its primary function is to serve as an appendix to Boswell, to fill gaps he left and to check up on parts where he is biased, from the multitudinous contemporary authorities; and it has a secondary function as well—to view these persons and events and manners and morals from a modern point of view. For our outlook today is closely akin to that of the eighteenth century, both ages sharing a true liberality in judging people, and a devouring passion to know men as they are.

Robert Lynd succeeds excellently in both his functions, and offers us a highly entertaining and illuminating work. In it we find far more of Boswell's failings and prejudices than he was careless or bold enough to make plain in his own work. Especially do we find rivals for Johnson's affections, such as Goldsmith, the Thrales and Mrs. Williams, appear as persons of far more intelligence and wit than Boswell credits to them. All the members of the circle are given concise but clear and unmistakable little portraits, painted with a few strokes and a few characteristic and witty tales, whereas to find such a complete picture in Boswell, one would usually have to wander considerably through the book. But above all, Mr. Lynd has the saving grace of freedom from pomposity, from taking himself too seriously. One has no doubt that he is entirely aware from start to finish how small, if brilliant, a planet he is in the great solar system of Boswell.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. B. M. CLARK, formerly on the staff of the Los Angeles Times-Mirror-Press, is at present engaged in journalism in Montreal.

JOHN J. DOWNEY is a literary critic residing at Danvers, Massachusetts.

CONSTANCE NAAR, an occasional poet in The Commonweal, is the book review editor of the Bookman.

COLETTE M. BURNS is a poet of Cleveland, Ohio, and recently won the first prize for poetry of the Cleveland Writers Club.

MADEFREY ODHNER and ETHEL ROMIG FULLER are general contributors of poetry in the current American periodicals.

CHARLES A. WAGNER, author of Poems of the Soil and Sea, is engaged in journalism and theatricals in New York City.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY is vice-president of the Atlanta Writers Club, and a contributor to the American magazines.

ELEANOR C. KOENIG is a poet of Hartford, Connecticut, and the author of Herb Woman and Other Poems.

GEORGE FORT MILTON is the editor of the Chattanooga News of Tennessee.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., historian, scientist and critic, is the author of many works including The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries.

ROBERT R. HULL, formerly on the staff of Our Sunday Visitor, is a general contributor to the critical and literary periodicals.

MONICA D. RYAN is a reviewer and critic for the New York press.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL, formerly of the Harvard Advocate, is a critic and reviewer for the New York periodicals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED